

Sketch

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Kay:

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and enthusiastic, remained before him.

Once when he fell he did not rise. The wind lashed the snow over his still form. As night settled swiftly over Old Mattern the black figure disappeared from sight beneath a white blanket of ice and snow.

IT WAS the next June before the villagers could get through the huge snow drifts to the little cabin. On the straw-filled bunk was the figure of the boy, frozen. Death and winter had preserved him as he was in life. He was smiling, as he had always smiled since he had come to the mountains just a year before.

Katz could not be found. The feathery legions of the snow-gods had claimed him for their own.

With bowed heads the little party stood. The sun was shining outside the cabin, but Old Mattern still remained impassive—its frowning profile dark, treacherous, formidable.



Kay:---

By Johanna Fiene

I FEEL like crying :
 You were here
 While I was gone.
 I feel like singing :
 I have you here
 In the violets you left for me—
 Demure,
 Sweet,
 Precious.
 When I bury my face
 In their purple sweetness
 I feel those quick,
 Impulsive caresses
 You used to give me.